

For I did play a lamentable part.
(Madam) 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus* periury, and vnjust flight;
Which I so liuely acted with my teares:
That my poore Mistris moued therewithall,
Wept bitterly: and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee (gentle youth)
Alas (poore Lady) desolate, and left;
I weepe my selfe to thinke ypon thy words:
Here youth: there is my purse; I giue thee this (well.
For thy sweet Mistris sake, because thou lou'st her. Fare-

Int. And she shall thanke you for't, if ere you know
A vertuous gentlewoman, milde, and beautifull. (her.
I hope my Masters suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my Mistris loue so much.
Alas, how loue can trifle with it selfe:
Here is her Picture: let me see, I thinke
If I had such a Tyre, this face of mine
Were full as louely, as is this of hers;
And yet the Painter flatter'd her a little,
Vnlesse I flatter with my selfe too much.
Her haire is *Auburne*, mine is perfect *Yellow*;
If that be all the difference in his loue,
He get me such a colour'd Perrywig:
Her eyes are grey as glasse, and so are mine:
I, but her fore-head's low, and mine's as high:
What should it be that he respects in her,
But I can make respectiue in my selfe?
If this fond Loue, were not a blinded god.
Come shadow, come, and take this shadow vp,
For 'tis thy riual: O thou fencelesse forme,
Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, lou'd, and ador'd;
And were there fence in his Idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
He vse thee kindly, for thy Mistris sake
That vs'd me so; or else by *Ioue*, I vow,
I should haue scratch'd out your vnseeing eyes,
To make my Master out of loue with thee. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Eglamour, Siluia.

Egl. The Sun begins to guild the western skie,
And now it is about the very houre
That *Silvia*, at Fryer *Patrick's* Cell should meet me,
She will not faile; for Louets breake not houres,
Vnlesse it be to come before their time,
So much they spur their expedition.

See where she comes: Lady a happy euening.
Sil. Amen, Amen: goe on (good *Eglamour*)
Out at the Posterne by the Abbey wall;
I feare I am attended by some Spies.

Egl. Feare not: the Posterne is not three leagues off,
If we recouer that, we are sure enough. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Thurio, Protheus, Iulia, Duke.

Th. Sir *Protheus*, what saies *Silvia* to my suite?

Pro. Oh Sir, I finde her milder then she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Th. What? that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little. (det.

Th. He weare a Boote, to make it somewhat round.

Pro. But loue will not be spurd to what it loathes.

Th. What saies she to my face?

Pro. She saies it is a faire one.

Th. Nay then the wanton lyes: my face is blacke.

Pro. But Pearles are faire; and the old saying is,
Blacke men are Pearles, in beauteous Ladies eyes.

Th. 'Tis true, such Pearles as put out Ladies eyes.

For I had rather winke, then looke on them.

Th. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talke of war.

Th. But well, when I discourse of loue and peace.

Int. But better indeede, when you hold you peace.

Th. What sayes she to my valour?

Pro. Oh Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Int. She needs not, when she knowes it cowardize.

Th. What saies she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well seru'd.

Int. True: from a Gentleman, to a foole.

Th. Considers she my Possessions?

Pro. Oh, I: and pitties them.

Th. Wherefore?

Int. That such an Ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by Lease.

Int. Here comes the Duke.

Du. How now Sir *Protheus*; how now *Thurio*?

Which of you saw *Eglamour* of late?

Th. Not I.

Pro. Not I.

Du. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Du. Why then?

She's fled vnto that pezzant, *Valentine*;

And *Eglamour* is in her Company:

'Tis true: for Fryer *Laurence* met them both

As he, in pennance wander'd through the Forrest:

Him he knew well: and guess'd that it was she,

But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.

Besides she did intend Confession

At *Patrick's* Cell this euen, and there she was not.

These likelihoods confirme her flight from hence;

Therefore I pray you stand, not to discourse,

But mount you presently, and meete with me

Vpon the rising of the Mountaine foote

That leads toward *Mantua*, whether they are fled:

Dispatch (sweet Gentlemen) and follow me.

Th. Why this it is, to be a peeuish Gidle,

That flies her fortune when it followes her slow!

He after; more to be reueng'd on *Eglamour*, than I

Then for the loue of reck-lesse *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* loue

Then hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Int. And I will follow, more to crosse that loue

Then hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for loue. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Silvia, Ont-laves.

1. Ont. Come, come be patient: I am won by

We must bring you to our Captaine.
Sil. A thousand more mischances then this one
Haue learn'd me how to brooke this patiently.

2. Ont. Come, bring her away.

3. Ont. Where is the Gentleman that was with her?

3. Ont. Being nimble footed, he hath out-run vs.

But *Moyser* and *Valerius* follow him:

Goe thou with her to the West end of the wood,

There is our Captaine: Wee'll follow him that's fled,

The Thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1. Ont. Come, I must bring you to our Captains caue.

Feare not: he beares an honourable minde,

And will not vse a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*: this I endure for thee. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

*Enter Valentine, Protheus, Siluia, Iulia, Duke, Thurio,
Ont-laves.*

Val. How vse doth breed a habit in a man?

This shadowy desert, vnfrequented woods

I better brooke then flourishing peopled Townes:

Here can I sit alone, vn-seene of any,

And to the Nightingales complaining Notes

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.

O thou that dost inhabit in my brest,

Leaue not the Mansion so long Tenant-lesse,

Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,

And leaue no memory of what it was,

Repaire me, with thy presence, *Silvia*:

Thou gentle Nimph, cherish thy for-lorne swaine.

What hallowing, and what stir is this to day?

These are my mates, that make their wills their Law,

Haue some vnhappy passenger in chace;

They loue me well: yet I haue much to doe

To keepe them from vnwill outrages.

Withdraw thee *Valentine*: who's this comes heere?

Pro. Madam, this seruice I haue done for you

(Though you respect not aught your seruant doth)

To hazard life, and reskew you from him,

That would haue forc'd your honour, and your loue,

Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one faire look:

(A smaller boone then this I cannot beg,

And lesse then this, I am sure you cannot giue.)

Val. How like a dreame is this? I see, and heare:

Loue, lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable, vnhappy that I am.

Pro. Vnhappy were you (Madam) ere I came:

But by my comming, I haue made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most vnhappy.

Int. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I bene ceazed by a hungry Lion,

I would haue bene a break-fast to the Beast,

Rather then haue false *Protheus* reskue me:

Oh heauen be iudge how I loue *Valentine*,

Whose life's as tender to me as my soule,

And full as much (for more there cannot be)

I doe detest false periur'd *Protheus*:

Therefore be gone, sollicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death

Would I not vndergoe, for one calme look:

Oh 'tis the curse in Loue, and still approu'd

When women cannot l

Sil. When *Protheus*

Read ouer *Iulia's* heart,

For whose deare sake, th

Into a thousand oathes

Descended into periury

Thou hast no faith left n

And that's farre worse th

Then plurall faith, whic

Thou Counterfeyt, to th

Pro. In Loue,

Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Pro*

Pro. Nay, if the gentl

Can no way change you

He wooe you like a Soule

And loue you 'gainst the

Sil. Oh heauen.

Pro. Ile force thee yet

Val. Russian: let goe

Thou friend of an ill fa

Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. Thou comon frie

For such is a friend now

Thou hast beguil'd my h

Could haue perswaded m

I haue one friend aliue; t

Who should be trusted,

Is periu'd to the bosom

I am sorry I must neuer t

But count the world a str

The private wound is de

'Mongst all foes that a frie

Pro. My shame and g

Forgiue me *Valentine*: if

Be a sufficient Ransome f

I tender't heere: I doe as

As ere I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid

And once againe, I doe r

Who by Repentance is d

Is nor of heauen, nor ear

By Penitence th'Eternall

And that my loue may ap

All that was mine, in *Sil*

Int. Oh me vnhappy.

Pro. Look to the Boy

Val. Why, Boy?

Why wagst thou now? wh

Int. O good sir, my ma

to Madam *Silvia*: & (out

Pro. Where is that rin

Int. Heere 'tis: this is

Pro. How? let me see

Why this is the ring I ga

Int. Oh, cry you mer

This is the ring you sent

Pro. But how cam'st

I gaue this vnto *Iulia*.

Int. And *Iulia* her self

And *Iulia* her selfe hath b

Pro. How? *Iulia*?

Int. Behold her, thar

And entertain'd 'em deep

How oft hast thou with

Oh *Protheus*, let this hab